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Cane, Milo Maize, Feterita, Indian Corn, Alfalfa Seed, Vegetable Plants, etc.—Cleaned, graded acclimated Seed.

Standard Varieties

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ROSWELL, N. M.

## LOOK OUT-BARGAIN

I am located four blocks north of the Banks in ARTESIA, New Mex., with MULES, HORSES AND OTHER LIVE STOCK FOR SALE OR TRADE and will buy or sell. Have on hand several young good mules from yearlings up to four years and they must go at some price, for I have no use for them.

See me before purchasing. I have established a FEED LOT and will buy or sell and will handle all kinds of stock either by sale or trade.

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Prize winning Rose Comb Rhode Island Reds, from stock that won first prizes at Roswell, El Paso and Amarillo and fourth at the big convention hall in Kansas City where over \$20,000 worth of stock was exhibited. Eggs for sale from a pen headed by our prize winning cock at \$2.00 for a setting of fifteen.

HART & MULLANE,  
Carlsbad, N. M.

# SMOKE BELLEW

By  
**JACK LONDON**

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## CHAPTER XV The Starving Tribe

THE way led steeply up through deep, powdery snow that was unmarked by sled track or moccasined impression. Smoke, in the lead, pressed the fragile crystals down under his fat, short snowshoes. The task required lungs and muscle, and he flung himself into it with all his strength.

Behind, on the surface he packed, stretched the string of six dogs, the steam jets of their breathing attesting their labor and the lowness of the temperature. Between the wheel dog and the sled toiled Shorty, his weight divided between the guiding gee-pole and the haul for he was pulling with the dogs. Every half hour he and Smoke exchanged places, for the snowshoe work was even more arduous than that of the gee-pole.

This was their sixth day out from the lively camp of Muclic, on the Yukon. And now they were breasting the big divide past the hand outcrops, where the way would lead them down for equine creek to the middle reaches of Muclic river. Higher up Muclic river, it was fairly common to see deposits of copper. And this was their goal—a hill of pure copper half a mile to the right and on the first creek after Muclic river issued from a deep gorge to flow across a heavily timbered stretch of bottom.

Smoke was in the lead, and the small scattered snows were becoming deeper and smoother when he saw one dead and bare tree that stood in his path. The tree was used for speech. His gaze to Shorty, and he followed it to a standing "Whoo!" The dog stood in the traces till they saw

Shorty begin to undo the sled lashings and Smoke attack the dead spruce with an ax, whereupon the animals dropped in the snow and curled into balls, the bush of each tail curved to cover four padded feet and an ice rimmed muzzle.

In twenty minutes from the time they halted the meal was ready to eat.

"About forty below," Shorty mumbled through a mouthful of beans. "How it don't get colder—or warmer—neither it's just right for train breakin'."

Smoke did not answer. His own mouth full of beans, he had glanced to the lead dog lying half a dozen feet away. That gray, frosty wolf was gazing at him with the infinite wisdom and yearning that glimmer and haze so often in the eyes of northern dogs. Smoke knew it well, but never got over the unfathomable wonder of it.

As if to shake off the hypnotism he set down his plate and coffee cup, went to the sled and began opening the dried fish sack.

"Hey!" Shorty expostulated. "What 'r you doin'?"

"Breaking all law, custom, precedent and trail usage," Smoke replied. "I'm going to feed the dogs in the middle of the day—just this once. Bright there has been talking to me, telling me all untellable things with those eyes of him."

Shorty laughed skeptically. "Oh, if it's a bunch, go to it. A man's always got to follow his hunches."

"It isn't a hunch, Shorty. Bright just sort of got on my imagination for a couple of twists. He told me more in one minute with those eyes of his than I could read in the books in a thousand years. His eyes were a-crawl with the secrets of life. They were just squirming and wriggling there. The trouble is I almost got them, and then I didn't. I'm no wiser than I was before, but I was near them."

"Boiled down into simple American, you got a hunch," Shorty insisted.

"Something's gon' to happen before the day is out. You'll see. An' them dried fish'll have a bearing."

"You've got to show me," said Smoke.

"No, I ain't. The day'll take care of itself an' show you. Now, listen to what I'm tellin' you. I got a hunch myself out of your hunch. I'll bet eleven ounces against three ornery toothpicks I'm right."

"You bet the toothpicks, and I'll bet the ounces," Smoke returned.

"Nope. That'd be plain robbery. I win. I know a hunch when it tickles me. Before the day's out something'll happen, an' them fish'll have a meanin'."

An hour later they cleared the divide, dipped down past the Bald Buttes through a sharp elbow canyon and took the steep, open slope that dropped into Porcupine creek. Shorty, in the lead, stopped abruptly, and Smoke whined the dogs. Beneath them, coming up, was a procession of humans, scattered and dragged, a quarter of a mile long.

"They move like it was a funeral," Shorty noted.

"They've no dogs," said Smoke.

"Yep; there's a couple of men pullin' on a sled."

"See that fellow fall down? There's something the matter. Shorty, and there must be 200 of them."

"Look at 'em stagger as if they was aoused. There goes another."

"It's a whole tribe. There are children there."

"Smoke, I win," Shorty proclaimed.

"A hunch is a hunch, an' you can't beat it. There she comes. Look at her—surgin' up like a lot of corpses."

The mass of Indians at sight of the two men had raised a wailing cry of joy and accelerated its pace.

"They're sure tolerable woozy," commented Shorty. "See 'em fallin' down in humps an' bunches."

"Look at the face of that first one," Smoke said. "It's starvation—that's what's the matter with them. They've eaten their dogs."

"What'll we do? Run for it?"

"And leave the sled and dogs?" Smoke demanded reproachfully.

"They'll sure eat us if we don't. They look hungry enough for it. Hello, old skeeziks! What's wrong with you? Don't look at that dog that way. No cookin' pot for him—savvy?"

The forerunners were arriving and crowding about them, moaning and pointing in an unfamiliar jargon. To Smoke the picture was gruesome and horrible. It was famine unmistakable. Their faces, hollow, checked and skin stretched, were so many death's heads. More and more arrived and crowded about until Smoke and Shorty were hemmed in by the wild crew. Their ragged garments of skin and fur were cut and slashed away, and Smoke knew the reason for it when he saw a wizened child on a squaw's back that sucked and chewed a strip of filthy fur.

"Keep off there—keep back!" Shorty yelled, falling back on English after futile attempts with the little Indian he had known.

Bucks and squaws and children tottered and swayed on shaking legs and continued to urge in their mad eyes swimming with weakness and burning with ravenous desire. A woman, moaning, staggered past Shorty and fell with spread and grasping arms on the sled. An old man followed her, panting and gasping, with trembling hands striving to cast off the sled lashings and get at the grub sacks beneath. A young man with a naked knife tried to rush in, but was flung back by Smoke. The whole mass pressed in upon them, and the fight was on.

At first Smoke and Shorty shoved and thrust and threw back. Then they used the butt of the dog whip and their fists on the food and crowd. And all this against a background of moaning and wailing women and children.

Here and there in a dozen places the sled lashings were cut. Men crawled on their bellies, regardless of a rain of kicks and blows, and tried to drag out the grub. These had to be picked up bodily and flung back. And such was their weakness that they fell continually under the slightest pressures or shoves. Yet they made no attempt to injure the two men who defended the sled.

It was the utter weakness of the Indians that saved Smoke and Shorty from being overborne. In five minutes the wall of upstanding, on-struggling Indians had been changed to heaps of fallen ones, that moaned and gibbered in the snow and cried and sniveled as their staring swimming eyes focused on the grub that meant life to them.



"Me Carluk. Me good Siwash."

and that brought the slaver to their lips. And behind it all arose the wailing of the women and children.

"This is terrible," Smoke muttered.

"I'm all right," Shorty replied.

"I'm real sweet. An' now what 'r we gon' to do with this ambulance outfit?"

Smoke shook his head, and then the problem was solved for him. An Indian crawled forward, his one eye fixed on Smoke instead of on the sled, and in it Smoke could see the struggle of sanity to assert itself. Shorty remembered having punched the other eye, which was already swollen shut. The Indian raised himself on his elbow and spoke:

"Me Carluk. Me good Siwash. Me savvy Boston man plenty. Me plenty hungry. All people plenty hungry. All people no savvy Boston man. Me savvy. Me eat grub now. All people eat grub now. We buy 'm grub. Got 'm plenty gold. No got 'm grub. Summer salmon no come. No grub. Me make 'm talk all people. Me tell 'm plenty Boston man come Yukon. Boston man like 'm gold. We take 'm gold. Got Yukon, Boston man give 'm grub. Plenty gold. Me savvy Boston man like 'm gold."

He began fumbling with wasted fingers at the drawstring of a pouch he took from his belt.

"Too much make 'm noise," Shorty broke in distractedly. "You tell 'm squaw, you tell 'm pousse, shut 'm up mouth."

Carluk turned and addressed the wailing women. Other bucks, listening, raised their voices authoritatively, and slowly the squaws stilled and still ed the children near to them. Carluk paused from fumbling the drawstrings and held up his fingers many times.

"Him people make 'm die," he said. And Smoke, following the count, knew that seventy-five of the tribe had started to death.

"Me buy 'm grub," Carluk said as he got the pouch open and drew out a large chunk of heavy metal. Others were following his example, and on every side appeared similar chunks. Shorty stared.

"Great Jimmy!" he cried. "Copper! Raw, red copper! An' they think it's gold!"

"And the poor devils banked every thing on it," Smoke muttered. "Look at it. The chunk there weighs forty pounds. They've got hundreds of pounds of it and they've carried it when they didn't have strength enough to drag themselves. Look here, Shorty. We've got to feed them."

"Huh! Sounds easy. But how about statistics? You an' me has a month's grub, which is six-meals times thirty, which is 180 meals. Here's 200 Indians, with real, full grown appetites. How can we give 'm one meal even?"

"There's the dog grub," Smoke answered. "A couple of hundred pounds of dried salmon ought to help out. We've got to do it. They've pinned their faith on the white man, you know."

"Sure, an' we can't throw 'm down," Shorty agreed. "An' we got two nasty jobs cut out for us, each just about twice as nasty as the other. One of us has got to make a run of it to Muclic an' raise a relief. The other has to stay here an' run the hospital an' most likely be eaten. Don't let it slip your noodle that we've been six days gettin' here, an' travelin' light an' all played out, it can't be made back in less 'n three days."

For a minute Smoke pondered the quize of the way they had come, following the miles in terms of time

# Closing Out Sale

All DRY GOODS are going at a Big Reduction such as SHOES, SHIRTS, PANTS, HOES, BOLT GOODS, and all other kinds.

COME IN and GIVE ME A CHANCE

## Sale Begins May 1st.

AT THE PRICE I AM GOING TO PUT THE STUFF AT, WILL HAVE TO BE STRICTLY CASH OR 30 DAYS NET.

**WHIT KNOWLES**  
Monument, N. M. New Mexico

measured by his capacity for exertion. "I can get there tomorrow night," he announced.

"All right," Shorty acquiesced cheerfully. "An' I'll stay an' be eaten."

"But I'm going to take one fish each for the dogs," Smoke explained, "and one meal for myself."

"An' you'll sure need it if you make Muclic tomorrow night."

Smoke, through the medium of Carluk, stated the program. "Make fires, long fires, plenty fires," he concluded. "Plenty Boston man stop Muclic. Boston man much good. Boston man plenty grub. Five sleeps I come back plenty grub. This man, his name Shorty, very good friend of mine. He stop here. He big boss—savvy?"

Carluk nodded and interpreted. "All grub stop here. Shorty, he give 'm grub. He boss savvy?"

Carluk interpreted, and nods and guttural cries of agreement proceeded from the men.

Smoke remained and managed until the full swing of the arrangement was under way. Those who were able crawled or staggered in the collecting of firewood. Long Indian fires were built that accommodated all. Shorty, aided by a dozen assistants, with a short club hands for the rapping of hungry knuckles, plunged into the cooking.

First, a tiny piece of bacon was distributed all around and, next, a spoonful of sugar to cloy the edge of their razor appetites. Soon on a circle of fires drawn about Shorty many pots of beans were boiling, and he, with a wrathful eye for what he called the renegades, was frying and apportioning the thinnest of flapjacks.

"Me for the big cookin'," was his farewell to Smoke. "You just keep a-bikin'. Trot all the way there an' run all the way back. It'll take you today an' tomorrow to get there, and you can't be back inside three days more. Tomorrow they'll eat the last of the dogfish, an' then there'll be nary a scrap for three days. You gotta keep a-comin'. Smoke; you gotta keep a-comin'."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

J. G. Osburn W. B. Robinson  
**Osburn & Robinson**  
LAWYERS  
Hull Bldg. Carlsbad, N. M.

# EXCURSIONS



Panhandle Hardware Dealers Convention, Roswell, May, 17, and 18.

Tickets on sale May 17, and 18, and return limit May, 20. Fare, \$4.10 for round trip.

## TWO FAIRS FOR ONE FARE.

Visit the San Diego and San Francisco Expositions. Special Excursion 30 day tickets on sale March 1st to Nov. 30th, to San Francisco via Los Angeles and San Diego and return fare \$50.00. Summer Tourist Tickets on sale June 1st to September 30th. Final return limit December 31st. Fare \$60.00.

For further information call Santa Fe Ticket Office.

T. C. JOHNSON, AGENT

For Sale—Indian runner ducks at only fifty cents each. Enquire at this office.

Christian & Co., Insurance.

## NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE UNDER EXECUTION.

In the District Court, Eddy County, New Mexico.

Rice-Stix Dry Goods Co., Plaintiff, vs. No. 2058.

John L. Toole, Defendant.

WHEREAS, by virtue of an execution, issued out of the District Court of the Fifth Judicial District of the State of New Mexico, of which said District said Eddy County is a part, in cause number 2058 Rice-Stix Dry Goods Company is plaintiff and John L. Toole is defendant, same being suit on a certain promissory note made, executed and delivered by defendant to plaintiff, and in which said cause judgment was had, rendered and entered against defendant and in favor of plaintiff, on the 9th day of November, A. D. 1914 for the sum of \$340.79 and all costs, which said demand and judgment will amount to the sum of \$369.37 on the day sale is to be made.

And WHEREAS, by virtue of said execution I, the undersigned sheriff, did on the 13th day of April 1915, levy upon and take into my possession, as the property of said defendant, the following described real estate, to wit:

The Northeast Quarter (NE1-4) Section 11, Township, 17 South of Range 38 East N. M. P. M. near Knowles Eddy County, New Mexico.

NOW, therefore NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that on the 7th, day of June A. D. 1915, between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M. and 12 o'clock M. of said day, at the South Front Door of the Court house in the town of Carlsbad in said County, I will offer the above land and real estate for sale and sell the same at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, the proceeds of such sale to be applied to the payment of the judgment and costs above mentioned.

DATED: Carlsbad, New Mexico, April, 14, 1915.

M. C. STEWART

Sheriff Eddy County, New Mex

Do your swearing at the Current office. Notary always in.

Christian & Co., INSURANCE.

## NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed proposals will be received by the Board of Education, Hope, N. M. until two o'clock P. M. on the 10th day of May, 1915, for the erection of a reinforced concrete High School building, to be erected in the town of Hope, Eddy County, New Mexico.

Contractor will be required to furnish all material, tools, cartage and appliances, necessary to complete the building on or before the thirty-first (31st) day of August, 1915, according to the plans and specifications furnished by G. W. Witt, Carlsbad, N. M. and on file in the office of the Board of Education at Hope, N. M. and in the office of the County Treasurer, Carlsbad, N. M. and the office of the County Clerk, Roswell, N. M.

Each proposal must be accompanied by a certified check, representing five per cent (5pct) of the bid, and made payable to the Chairman of the Board of Education, Hope, N. M., as a guarantee to furnish a builder's bond equal to one half of the contract price, and one that is acceptable to the board of Education.

Each proposal must be sealed, and marked, "sealed bid" on the outside and addressed to H. M. GAGE, Chairman of Board of Education, Hope, N. M. The board reserves the right to reject any, or all bids.

Signed, H. M. GAGE, Chairman.  
N. L. JOHNSON, Clerk.  
16-apr-4

# Headache

is one of the common symptoms of womanly trouble, and the cause has to be removed before you can rid yourself of it entirely. A medicine that merely kills pain, does not go to the seat of the trouble, and kill the cause. What you need is a woman's medicine—one which acts directly, yet gently, on the womanly organs.

TAKE

**Cardui**  
The Woman's Tonic

After having used Cardui, Miss Lillie Gibson, of Christman, Texas, writes: "About three years ago, I was just entering womanhood, and was sick in bed for nearly nine months. Sometimes I would have such headaches, and other aches, I could hardly stand it. I tried Cardui, and now I am cured of all my troubles. I shall praise Cardui as long as I live." Cardui is the medicine you need. Try it. E-69

## M. N. Cunningham AUCTIONEER

Will cry sales in any portion of Eddy County. Have had several years' experience and guarantee satisfaction.

R F D Phone 42 G Carlsbad, N. M.

Address M. N. CUNNINGHAM.

## NOTICE OF APPOINTMENT OF ADMINISTRATOR.

In the Probate Court; No. 312;

Eddy County, New Mexico.

In the matter of the estate of Margaret Jane Mayes, Deceased.

By order of the Probate Court of the county of Eddy, State of New Mexico, notice is hereby given that I, the undersigned have been duly appointed by said court administrator of the estate of Margaret Jane Mayes, deceased, and that I have qualified as such administrator by taking the oath of office and by filing in said court the duly approved bond as required by law.

Notice is further given that all persons having claims against said estate must present such claims in the manner prescribed by law and within the time fixed by law.

Dated, Carlsbad, New Mexico, April 12, 1915.

A. J. MAYES, Administrator.

16-apr-4.

## NOTICE.

To A. A. Masters, Anna Masters, and E. E. Hackett, defendants in Cause No. 2154, in the District Court, within and for Eddy County, New Mexico, wherein A. J. Crawford is plaintiff:

You are hereby notified that suit against you, as defendants therein, has been instituted by said plaintiff and is now pending in said court to recover the amount of the promissory note of A. A. Masters including 10 per cent attorney's fees thereon, said note described as follows: Principal \$1,022.07, dated Carlsbad, N. M., May 10, 1912, due one year after date, payee A. J. Crawford, interest 12 per cent per annum until paid, maker A. A. Masters, endorsed "6/21/13 Paid Int. to date \$113.36"; to foreclose a mortgage of the Defendant A. A. Masters of aforesaid date, made to secure said note, on the NW 1-4 of NW 1-4 Sec. 34; also 20 acres in E 1-2 of SW 1-4 of SW 1-4, Sec. 27; all in Twp. 22 S., R. 27 E., N. M. P. M., with water rights belonging thereto; to establish the lien of plaintiff on said lands and premises as a prior lien thereon; and to sell said lands and premises to satisfy any judgment of plaintiff herein. You are further notified that unless you enter your appearance in said cause on or before June 12, 1915, judgment will be rendered in said cause against you by default. Armstrong & Dow, Carlsbad, N. M., are attorneys for plaintiff.

Witness the hand and official seal of the clerk of said court this 22nd day of April, 1915.

A. R. O'QUINN,  
County Clerk.

25-Apr-5

## R. M. THORNE

UNDERTAKER

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Telephone 70